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My Wish

(Lines written on the occasion of the death of a confrere's mother.)

Where would I like to be?
Where friends are never parted,
Where no one dreads the secrets of the shroud,
Or mourns alone amid a listless crowd;
Where none is heavy-hearted,—
I would be there.

Where would I like to be?
Where only joy needs flowers,
And no loved heart lies crushed upon the bier,
And no one sobs in anguished prayer near,
In a brighter world than ours,—
I would be there.

Where would I like to be?
Where grave-stones' dire story
Is hymned by angels as an Easter song;
Where all may rest at last that labored long,
In Heaven's glory,—
I would be there.

Where would I like to be?
Where life is sweeter, higher,
Far up with God, for to that holy height
No cloud can rise to dim my joy and light,—
But hush my quick desire,—
I will be there.

—Rev. Thos. Zeller, C. Ss. R. (died Oct. 22, 1899).

EVERY CREATURE

"Colton!" shouted the conductor; "Colton!" he repeated as the train came to a stop at a trim little station "down South". No one got out, but someone got in: a Negro, neatly dressed. He walked halfway up the aisle, glancing to right and left and far ahead for a vacant seat. There was none. And as he stopped, a puzzled look crept into his eyes. Where should he ask? Many a face that looked furtively over the edge of a newspaper, seemed to say: Of course, if you ask I'll have to let you take a seat; but relieve me of the burden, please. While some plainly said: Don't apply here! as they spread their coats wider and more resolutely. Then his glance fell on a priest who sat just before him.

"This seat taken?" asked the Negro politely.

"No, sir," answered the priest; "sit down." And he lifted the papers that lay scattered on the seat. A magazine fell to the floor. The Negro stooped to pick it up, and glanced at the cover as he handed it back to the priest. It was the "Missionary Bulletin". On the cover was the picture of a First Communion Class: girls in white dresses and veils crowned with flowers; boys in nobby black with candles and prayerbooks in their hands. The glory of it all in the Negro's eyes was that their faces were dark as those of the "sunny races".

"Are you a Catholic Priest?" he asked with evident wonderment, turning to the priest.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "I'm Father Taylor from Culdeen, just twenty miles up the road. Are you from Colton?"

"Yes, sir; my name's Bob Williams."

"Will you have a paper, Bob?"

"Why, I'll look at that magazine, if you don't mind; the one with that picture."

"Certainly," said Father Taylor; "and if there is anything you do not understand about it, I am willing to explain." He knew his neighbor was not a Catholic.

"Thank you," said Bob; and he settled down eagerly to the "Bulletin". He looked long at the front picture. It was the same scene he had often witnessed at the First Communion of the white children—the greatest day of the year at the little church in Colton. And he pictured to himself the church in glory with flowers and arches, the visible rafters neatly trimmed with garlands that swayed to the simple

but somehow soul-stirring songs that seemed to him so beautiful: "O Lord I am not worthy" and "Jesus my Lord, my God, my All", and so on. But it had always seemed to him like a heaven which a black face might contemplate but never share. Now here were children like his own little Abraham Lincoln Williams and Miranda Eliza Williams, the cherubs of this heaven. He turned the pages. There was the picture of a congregation at Benediction: the same Lord that looked down upon the white faces looked down upon these darker ones, and the same Master blessed each as the monstrance in the priest's hand traced a luminous cross in the air. But he almost caught his breath when he saw arrayed in the brilliant vestments of the altar service, a youthful Negro.

"Rev. Mr. Taylor," he said with some warmth, turning to the priest, "that's where I want my children to be. I've got two little children; at their school they learn the three R's and some games and some hymns. On Sundays some 'Brother' gets up and gives us 'religion'; and the sum of his religion is, be respectable and praise the Lord with a loud voice! Sometimes a white preacher comes and he adds: 'And beware of Catholics.' Now the only reason I can see for bewaring of Catholics, after looking at this magazine, is because we might want to join them. Who sent these 'Brethren' (which means anything but Brothers) to preach? And if God did, where is the sign? Why don't they tell us about God? What we want to know, because it is of so much importance, is, whether our life ends with death or whether there is another life where not our dollars nor our position will count but only the good or bad we have done. Now you tell us about that plainly and you tell to black children the same as to white; your religion is not too deep or too stylish for anyone, because it is a religion of truths about God and the meaning of life, and of laws directing our way to God. That seems to me a bit more reasonable than shouting 'Alleluja!'"

"Why, Bob," broke in Father Taylor, "that's a bit of philosophy, now, that I did not expect from you, to be candid. Why certainly, our reason and our will, these are our highest faculties, and just these we must bring to the service of God first of all—by Faith and observance of God's laws; our feelings and emotions will follow naturally and help us to take pleasure in God's service."

"And you give everything to us that you give to your own?" queried Bob.

"Everything; the same Catechism and instruction, the same cere-

monies and devotions, the same Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Communion, the same laws and aids; because there is only one Church as there is only one Redeemer and one God for 'every creature'."

"Well, Rev. Mr. Taylor, can you tell me where there is such a school for my children?"

"Ahem!" coughed Father Taylor; "why I really don't know exactly. I have so much to do in my own church and no one ever asked me about it, so that I never took the trouble to make inquiries. But I'll find out and tell you. Call on me some day.—Here we are at Culdeen. Don't forget to call. Keep that paper. Goodbye!" And off he was, followed by Bob's hearty farewells.

"Why," thought Father Taylor, as he walked almost automatically up the street toward his home, "I never did think about it. And it seems so queer now. Here I am, with all the treasures of Holy Church at my command, treasures more valuable than all the vaulted gold of millionaires, treasures that I hold in trust for 'every creature', and they are safe indeed in my keeping! I made no effort to bring them into circulation. I have been doing worse than the most horrid trust or monopoly."

By this time he reached his rectory. Before entering, he stepped in at the Church for a little visit, as usual. Everything was quiet. In the subdued light of the Church, the white altar gleamed like a fleecy cloud at night, when the moon turns it into silver. As he knelt there the "silent Dweller of the Tabernacle" seemed to hold out His Sacred Heart to men, and there was no one to bring "every creature" to His fountain of life; it seemed to him indeed, that there in the tabernacle, in the golden ciborium lay the "Manna" that had fallen from heaven that very morning for "every creature," and no one cared if many did not share its lifegiving sweetness.

"I never thought of it in that way, really," he said to himself as he turned thoughtfully away.

A few days later Father Taylor happened to take up his "Catholic Weekly". There were bits of news and bits of controversy; bits of stories and anecdotes; bits of solid reading and serious thought that made his Catholic Weekly seem to him like the sanest thing in the world, a real "voice crying in the wilderness". What a glaring farce the sensational dailies were beside it! His eyes, glancing down the columns, fell on a title that attracted him: "Negro Rebukes Bigot". He read:

"A few days ago, Colton was all astir. The Grand Masters of the Guardians of Liberty had arrived and had called a massmeeting for all "loyal Americans". American flags were conspicuous indeed: the Methodist Church was almost entirely covered with them; the grandees wore high hats with red, white and blue bands; red, white and blue ribbons adorned all the Guardianesses; even the benches on which they sat, were decked in red, white and blue. All in all it was a dazzling sight, especially for the dusky Coltonites, with their eye for gaudy colors."

"Did yo heah, Sam," said one; "we're gwine to heah about de enemies ob de United States. Dey's got eberything fixed up, so that as soon as de boss ob dem says de word, de Pope will come ober heah and eider kill or baptize us again. Tink ob it, Sam, an' I almos' drown when Parson Tipple ducked me in de water de las' time!"

Bob Williams, who stood by, heard it all; heard the language, heard the nonsense; how it went to his heart. What lies! What folly! And who were the people who came to them in the name of religion and patriotism, and complacently kept them at their bad grammar and their their blatant nonsense if only they were ready to shout with the hue and cry against Catholics, neighbors of theirs, as enemies of the land? And now this evening another such "wave of enlightenment" was to roll over Colton. And tomorrow neighbors would look at one another askance, would no longer trust one another, would possibly, even, be plunged into open hostility. Just then a big bell disturbed Bob's meditations. The crowd surged in a disorderly manner into the "church", the so-called "house of prayer" which was now to echo deliberate and premeditated slander and calumny. Bob went in too, to see what would come of it.

The speaker arose, and this was his Gospel (at least in substance): "My dear friends, we have come to save the people of Colton and the United States. Do you know that there are eighteen or more millions of people in this country who have sworn allegiance to a foreign monarch? Do you know that these eighteen millions are ready at any time to obey the Pope of Rome rather than the President? Do you know that these eighteen millions own several thousands of schools and churches and that all these schools and churches have basements? Do you remember the Gunpowder Plot and the basement of the English Parliament? Do you know that these foreign subjects own great big houses they call 'convents' and into these no one is allowed to enter,

not even the police? Who are these eighteen millions? The Catholics. And who is this foreign monarch? The Pope. I have it on the authority of Bishop Burt at the Methodist Convention held recently at Cleveland. Eighteen million, and every year the number grows; what will we be able to do against such an army?" What the rest of the "sermon" would have been is not known. Bob Williams could stand it no longer. He arose, and while the preacher stopped, wondering what would happen, while every eye was turned on him, Bob said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I protest. This is the most ridiculous slander that was ever attempted to be given as truth to sensible men. In the name of truth and reason, in the name of justice to our Catholic neighbors, I invite all who claim to be ladies and gentlemen to leave with me." And Bob walked out, turning neither to right or left. He wondered at himself: where had he found the words, the courage, the manliness? He could not tell; only he seemed to see clearly the picture of the First Communion Class, the Benediction, the priest, with all the high seriousness and calm devotion. Did that seem like plotting against their country and their lives? He had scarcely reached the door, when a great stir, a moving of chairs and a shuffling of feet told him that the congregation was at his heels. All had left, except a handful of Guardians of Liberty."—So the "Catholic Weekly".

Father Taylor put down the paper. "Fine, Bob," he murmured; "that innocent Bulletin did some good anyway; and perhaps the waves this little stone set in motion have not yet ceased their rippling". He took up his Catechism and went over to the school for the usual catechetical instruction. The first room he reached was the highest grade—just engaged in reading, when he entered.

"Go on," said Father Taylor, as the reader stopped; "I want to hear how you read". The reader went on with an eloquent oration by Wm. H. Taft on the Negro problem. "They know (the white men) that the proposition to eliminate the Negro from their civilization is fatuous; that this is the only country that he has, and this is the only flag he can live under; and they come to see that the best thing possible, morally, pecuniarily, industrially, and politically, is that the Negro should be encouraged to add to his intelligence and to his independence as an industrial factor in society."

"Splendid sentiments," broke in Father Taylor, "splendid but somewhat vague. Yes, we can make good citizens of the Negroes; and well-meaning men have done much to raise them intellectually. But do you

know, my children, that the Negro problem would have a decidedly different aspect today if our holy Mother Church had been given her way with them? Back in the early days it was She that wished to share her treasures of religion and education with them; she even enforced it by law. It was her example that gradually shamed some Protestants into similar charity. Before that they had looked upon the education of the Negro 'as an impracticable and needless work of popish superstition'. If the work of the early Spanish and French missionaries had been consistently maintained the unfortunate Negro would be enjoying the civilizing, because deep and all-penetrating influence of the true Faith for generations; for generations the purifying leaven would be at work in their hearts, their minds, their conduct, their life. Gradually Faith and its ready hand-maid intelligence would enter into their life's blood as it does our own. For, just as an habituated criminal is cured only by slow process, so degenerate races are elevated only by the training of the hearts of generations. But unfortunately the missionaries were forced to leave their post by bigotry and starvation, and so the tree was allowed to grow gnarled and crooked. Today we must begin anew. But, as then so now, the one remedy, the basic principle for any solution of the Negro problem, as we are told in a recent issue of the Central Verein Bulletin, is the Church—the Catholic Faith, so definite, so certain, so clear in her teaching and laws; so rich in spiritual helps and in external ceremonies that carry with them internal graces. Are we living up to the traditions of the past? Have we a right to neglect the Negro, if the Gospel is to be preached to 'every creature'?"

"That's right, Father," said little John Teeling, spontaneously; for like all the others he had been listening with breathless attention. "But what can we do for them?"

"That's a practical question, John," said Father Taylor, called to earth by the appeal. "What is the question for your next Debating Class?"

"Let's see," replied John, "I think it's: Who was the greater General, Alexander or Napoleon?"

"Suppose, then," put in Father Taylor, "you would put my question on record instead: What can we do to make the Negro share in the benefits of Holy Church? I promise to be there with a prize for the best solution."

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

The Promise of our Divine Saviour to give to man His very Flesh to eat and His very Blood to drink.

The Sixth Chapter of the Gospel of St. John begins with the narrative of an astounding miracle of our Saviour, a miracle which was to prepare His disciples for the doctrine of the REAL PRESENCE. That miracle was the feeding and satiating of five thousand men with five ordinary loaves of bread and two fishes, and the gathering of twelve baskets full of their remnants after the multitude had satisfied their hunger. This great miracle made so deep an impression on the people that they were about to "take Him by force and make Him their king". But Jesus frustrated their design by escaping alone into a mountain. When the evening came, His disciples entered their boat to go over the lake to Capharnaum.

"It was now dark," says the evangelist, "and Jesus had not come to them. And the sea arose, by reason of a great wind that blew. So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing near to the ship; and they were afraid. But He said to them: It is I, be not afraid. They were willing, therefore, to take Him into the ship; and presently the ship was at the land to which they were going. The next day the multitude that stood on the other side of the sea, saw that there was no other ship there but one, and that Jesus had not entered the ship with His disciples, but that His disciples had gone away. But other ships came in from Tiberias near to the place where they had eaten the bread, the Lord giving thanks. When the people, therefore, saw that Jesus was not there, nor His disciples, they took shipping, and came to Capharnaum, seeking for Jesus. And when they had found Him on the other side, they said to Him: Rabbi, when camest Thou hither?" (John VI, 16-25.)

By the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves our Divine Saviour wished to prepare His followers for the far more wonderful multiplication, if we may so call it, of Himself in the Blessed Eucharist. By the miracle of His walking on the sea during a violent storm, which prevented the apostles from using their sail or making any headway by rowing, and then by causing the boat, as soon as He entered it, to land miles away at its very destination, Jesus wished to manifest His boundless power over nature and thus prepare their minds to admit the ineffable mystery of the Real Presence.

Let us now examine how Jesus answered the question of the Jews. "Jesus answered them and said: Amen, amen I say to you, you seek Me, not because you have seen miracles, but because you ate of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth to everlasting life, which the Son of man will give you. For Him had God the Father sealed. They said therefore to Him: What shall we do, that we may work the works of God? Jesus answered and said to them: This is the work of God, that you believe in Him, whom He hath sent. They said therefore to Him: What sign dost Thou show that we may see, and may believe Thee? What dost Thou work? Our fathers ate manna in the desert, as it is written: He gave them bread from heaven to eat" (John VI, 14-31).

We see from this passage of the Gospel, first, that our Divine Saviour reminded His questioners that they followed Him out of selfish and material motives, for it was not truth or even miracles that they sought, for they now expected that He would, as on the day previous, feed them and provide for all their wants. Hence Jesus called their attention to the necessity they were under of seeking food rather for their souls, a food that would secure them, not a few years of mortal life, but life everlasting; a food which He the Son of God, would give them. They could depend on His word, for His heavenly Father had, like a notary with his seal, authenticated His divine mission by the testimony given at His baptism and by the power He had of working miracles. He then replied to their inquiry as to what they should do to perform God's will by telling them of their obligation of believing in Him as the promised Messiah, or Redeemer. But they were not satisfied with His answer, for they asked for a sign by which He should prove His mission, and, at the same time, they indicated the sign they wished to have, for they alluded to the manna, the food with which God had miraculously fed their forefathers for forty years during the journey to the Promised Land. Moses, their leader and law-giver, had foretold that his law was to last and be obligatory until another prophet and lawgiver like himself would come. Now, as Moses fed their forefathers in the desert with manna from heaven, they expected that the Great Prophet, the Messiah, would also feed the people with bread from heaven. Wherefore, they now summoned Jesus to prove His claim of being the promised Messiah, by providing them also with food from heaven, as Moses had done for their forefathers. Hence they said to Him:

"Our fathers ate manna in the desert, as it is written: He gave them bread from heaven to eat. Then Jesus said to them: Amen, amen I say to you: Moses gave you not bread from heaven; but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven, for the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world" (John VI, 31-33).

There is an apparent contradiction between our Divine Saviour's words and the quotation of the psalm calling the manna "bread from heaven". But the contradiction is merely apparent, and not real, for the psalm calls the manna "bread from heaven", because it fell from the clouds, or what, in common parlance, is denoted as "the heaven" or "the heavens". Jesus wished to call the attention of His hearers to the Bread which He was to give them, as coming down in all reality from "heaven", the very home of God and His angels and saints. The Bread which He would give was so much the more excellent than the bread, or manna, of Moses, as the heaven where God reigns in His glory is infinitely more excellent, precious and noble than the clouds, or the heavens, whence fell the manna to feed the Israelites. The latter preserved the life of the body, and the former is destined to preserve and increase the life of the soul. Moreover, the manna was, in some manner, a pledge to the Israelites that God would lead them into the Promised Land; whilst the Bread from heaven promised by our Divine Saviour, is for all His followers a pledge of life everlasting, a pledge that, after our death, He will lead us to heaven, our true country, our home.

"Then they said to Him: Lord, give us always this bread. And Jesus said to them: I am the Bread of life; he that cometh to Me, shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me, shall never thirst. But I said to you, that you also have seen Me, and you believe not. All that the Father giveth Me, shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me, I will not cast out; because I am come down from heaven not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. Now this is the will of Him that sent Me, the Father, that all that He hath given Me, I lose not thereof, but raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of My Father who sent Me, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth in Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day" (John VI, 34-40).

What Jesus said about the true Bread from heaven excited the desires of His hearers; therefore they asked to give them always this

bread; but they meant only material food; wherefore Jesus, after telling them He was the Bread of life which satiated the hunger and quenched the thirst, He insists so much on the necessity of believing in Him as the Son of God. The fact was that, although the people honored Him greatly, they, nevertheless, lacked faith in Him and, in spite of His unquestionable miracles, they would not admit that He was the Son of God.

"Then the Jews murmured against Him, because He had said: I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. And they said: Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How then saith He, I came down from heaven?" (John VI, 41, 42).

They who call themselves Christians and, nevertheless, deny the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, resemble the Jews who claimed to believe in the prophecies of Holy Scripture concerning the Messias, and yet would not acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Messias, but looked upon Him merely as the son of Joseph. In like manner, such Christians practically do not believe in the Divinity of the Saviour, and believe only what they please of His words. Hence Jesus insists again and again on the obligation of believing in Him as the Son of God, and calls attention to the fact that true faith in Him is a gift of God granted only to the humble, and not to the proud and conceited.

"Jesus therefore answered and said to them: Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to Me, except the Father, who hath sent Me, draw him, and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets: And they shall all be taught of God. Every one that hath heard of the Father, and hath learned, cometh to Me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, but He who is of God, He hath seen the Father. Amen, amen I say to you: he that believeth in Me, hath everlasting life" (John VI, 43-47).

Our Divine Saviour further on tells the Jews why it is that those who truly believe in Him have everlasting life, and how He will raise them gloriously at the last day.

"I am the Bread of life," He continues; "your fathers ate manna in the desert and they died", for they ate only material food, which could not impart immortality. But "this is the Bread descending down from heaven, that, if any one eat of it, he may not die". That is, the Bread which I will give is a spiritual food which imparts spiritual life, which confers immortality and perfect happiness to the soul, and fits

the body for a glorious resurrection, by incorporating it in the mystical body of Jesus Christ. "I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the Bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world" (v. 48-52).

Here our Divine Saviour speaks in the clearest terms. He tells us that He Himself is the Bread from heaven which it behooves us to eat, that we may possess everlasting life; that the Bread which He will give us to eat, will not be mere material bread, but will be the very flesh which He would later on sacrifice for the salvation of the world. And yet there are men who pretend to believe in Christ's infallible word, and yet flatly contradict His very words, for Jesus promises to give a Bread which is to be His very flesh, and they maintain that He promised to give merely material bread.

"The Jews, therefore, debated among themselves, saying: How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" (v. 53).

The language of the Jews proves that they had understood that Jesus intended to give His very flesh as food. Had they mistaken His meaning, Jesus would, most assuredly, have corrected their mistake, as He did later in another point. But, far from now correcting them and telling them that He did not intend to give His very flesh as food, He confirms them in the meaning they attach to His words, and insists more strongly even than before, that He actually intends His very flesh and blood to be real food and drink.

"Then Jesus said to them: Amen, amen I say to you: Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him at the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. This is the Bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers ate manna and died. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever" (v. 54-59).

By these words Jesus clearly affirms that His flesh is real food and His blood real drink; that they who eat His flesh and drink His blood, shall have life everlasting. Words cannot be plainer than these. Deny the Real Presence, and you necessarily deny the very words of Jesus Christ, and are no longer a Christian, a believer in

Christ, but an unbeliever, for, practically, you deny the veracity and, consequently, the divine mission of Jesus Christ.

"These things Jesus said in the synagogue in Capharnaum. Many, therefore, of His disciples, hearing it, said: This saying is hard, and who can hear it? But Jesus, knowing in Himself that His disciples murmured at this, said to them: Doth this scandalize you? If then you shall see the Son of man ascend where He was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life. But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that did not believe, and who he was that would betray Him. And He said: Therefore did I say to you that no man can come to Me, unless it be given by My Father" (v. 60-66).

The words of Jesus Christ: "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing" are alleged by Protestants as an unanswerable argument against the Real Presence. But they are woefully mistaken, for our Divine Saviour, being infinite Wisdom and Truth, cannot contradict Himself. He had just said: "My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed"; and "the Bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world". Nothing can be more clear than these words. Deny the Real Presence, and you give the lie to these words of the Son of God. There is no alternative: either admit the Real Presence, or charge the Saviour with either telling a lie or with not knowing what He was saying. What He afterwards said about the spirit and the flesh does not and cannot in the least contradict what He had previously expressed so clearly, but only shows that He was not to be understood in the material sense given to His words by the carnal Jews. They said: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" Their words indicate that they understood Jesus in a carnal sense, for hearing Him say that His flesh was meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed, they imagined that Jesus intended that they should eat His flesh as they ate the flesh of cattle! Of course, this was not the meaning of our Lord; when He said that "the flesh", not His own body, but the carnal meaning they attached to it, "profiteth nothing"; hence His words must be understood in a more spiritual sense; in other words, He would give them His very flesh to eat, but not in the material manner they attached to His words. Moreover, He called their attention to the fact that the Real Presence would be still harder to believe after He would have returned to heaven. His words are a clear anticipated refutation of

the Protestant doctrines on the Blessed Eucharist. Hence our Divine Saviour did not at all contradict or take back what He had previously said about the Real Presence. He only insinuated to the Jews that they understood His words in too material a sense. Even after this explanation many would no longer believe in Him, for they remained obstinately attached to their preconceived views and prejudices, and were not, therefore, disposed, like others more humble, to believe firmly all He said.

"After this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then Jesus said to the twelve: Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered Him: Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we have believed and have known that Thou art Christ the Son of God" (v. 67-70).

The doctrine of our Divine Saviour concerning the Real Presence so shocked the Jews, even after His explanation, that many of His followers forsook Him. If Jesus did not intend to give to men His very body as their spiritual food, and His very blood as their spiritual beverage, He would, in all truth, have most clearly said so, and thus prevented so many of His followers from abandoning Him and going astray. Their doing so must, certainly, have greatly pained Him, for He turned to His apostles and asked them if they also intended to leave Him. But they remained faithful to their divine Master. Here we have another proof of the Primacy of St. Peter in matters of faith. Whenever there is question of faith, it is always St. Peter who speaks for all, just as it has always occurred in the Church of Jesus Christ, the Pope, who is St. Peter's successor, speaks for the whole Church and the whole Church accepts his decision in all matters pertaining to man's salvation.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. SS. R.

The mother who teaches her baby daughters to flirt while they should still be dressing dolls, is preparing her home to be the refuge of unsuccessful abandoned wives.

The labor unions have grown into a mighty power with which even the governments of great nations must reckon, yet a single man can control them when that man is clothed with the dignity of the Catholic priesthood. Last summer Father Tim Dempsey of St. Louis, alone and unaided, settled the teamsters' strike.

FATHER TIM CASEY

He was that product of the infuriated struggle between capital and labor—a Walking Delegate. He had “nosed” his way among the workmen in Father Casey’s new church and had satisfied himself that none of these free-born Americans was earning his daily bread without the approval of the “Union”. Feeling the need of relaxation after such strenuous mental application, he paused to look about and sneer at the instruments of “Popish mummary” that were being set up in the church.

“So that’s where the black spiders spin their webs to catch the flies!” he said to the carpenter who was fitting the hinges on the new confessional. “If there’s one thing more than another that shows what puppies and grovelling slaves the Catholic Church makes of men, it’s this hellish confessional. I’d like to see the bishop or pope that ever lived that could force me to allow a priest to shut himself up in a little dark room like that with my wife or daughter!”

The carpenter merely smiled that tired smile with which a madhouse keeper acknowledges the pitiable efforts of his charges to make a witticism. Not so a stocky hod carrier, who had deviated slightly from his charted course when he saw the Walking Delegate examining the confessional. He dropped his hod with a bang and shook a plaster-begrimed fist under the speaker’s nose.

“Swalley that lie, you dirty spalpeen, or, be jabers, you’ll swalley a dozen of them shinin’ teeth of yours this blessed minute!”

“Hey, Jeremiah, here with that hod,” bawled the plasterers as they leaned over the scaffolding to watch the fun.

“Cheese it, Jeremiah,” expostulated the carpenter. “I hear the boss coming in the side door.”

“The devil take the whole of ye,” muttered Jeremiah. Then, collaring the Delegate who was quietly slipping away: “Will ye swalley that lie, I dunno?”

The side door opened, and in came, not the boss, but Father Casey. He had been inspecting the work and had heard everything.

“Hands off, Jeremiah.” Jeremiah released his victim. “You, sir,” continued Father Casey sternly, turning to the Delegate, “call the confessional a dark room. Go inside and look at it. Go inside, I say!”

The Delegate having seen how promptly Jeremiah had obeyed the priest when told to keep hands off, knew that the hod carrier would

obey with even greater alacrity if told to lay hands on, therefore he thought it best to do as he was bid.

"Is it a dark room, or is it three separate rooms?" demanded Father Casey.

"Three separate rooms," said the Delegate.

"You are in the room occupied by the priest. Is it possible for you to get through to either of the rooms occupied by the persons going to confession? Examine well before you answer."

"No, it is not possible," came the reply after a moment of violent pulling and tugging at the screens."

"And yet," said the priest, "you had the affrontery to say—"

"I only repeated what I heard said about Catholics."

"And you heard Catholics themselves deny it, had you not?"

"Yes, of course, I have heard Catholics deny it."

"And one look at a confessional would have sufficed to show that the Catholics were stating the truth while their accusers were lying. You come from the city, where there are two hundred and sixteen Catholic churches constantly open to the public. Why did you believe such a base calumny about millions of respectable fellow-citizens without at least a simple investigation? Your very office shows that you are ready enough to pry into other people's business. Why did you not pry into some confessional and see whether this vile story could be true, before believing it and helping to spread it?"

"I see, of course, that it was not true in the United States," said the Delegate, who resumed the offensive, now that a protecting group had gathered round. "But in the Catholic countries of Europe—"

"What do you know about Europe? A man that is so densely and incurably ignorant about conditions under his very nose, need not try to tell us the conditions in Europe, a place he never saw. If you had ever been in a Catholic country, in Europe or anywhere else, you would know that they have only *open* confessionals, where the person going to confession can be seen by everybody in the church."

"I was not so badly mistaken in my statement as you are trying to make out, Mr. Priest. You are not in the same room with the person going to confession, but there is nothing in the way of a secret conversation with that person and before I would let wife or child of mine be corrupted by the immoral talk of the priest—"

"The devil himself couldn't hold a candle to him for dom lies," broke in Jeremiah.

"Deny the fact who can [Business of making a dramatic gesture]. I have it from the lips of Br——, who had been for twenty years a Catholic priest."

"I suppose the apostate priest, to whom you refer, even claimed that he had to make a solemn oath or vow that he would live up to the duties of the Catholic priesthood before the bishop ordained him."

"He did and——"

"And this apostate, this perjurer, who had broken a solemn vow—this hypocrite, who, according to his own admission, posed as a zealous Catholic, while he no longer believed in the Catholic religion—this is your authority for making a vile charge against eighteen or twenty million clean-living Americans, who profess the Catholic faith. It is only a rotten heart that gulps down so greedily rotten stories about the neighbor."

"I know you priests are trained to argue till you can convince the people of anything. But you are beaten this time. Br—— took a book by St. Liguori, which all priests must study, and he translated the list of questions, that are asked in the confessional; and fouler, lewder talk could not be imagined."

"St. Liguori did write a book for priests. That is one true statement that you made since we began talking. It may have been a slip of the tongue, but it is true. But let me tell you right here that there is not a foul or lewd expression in its whole one thousand pages. No, sir, no more than there are foul or lewd expressions in the works which able and devoted physicians have written for the benefit of sick and suffering human kind. A book on medicine would have a baneful effect on one for whom it was not written, but who turns to it seeking the satisfaction of morbid curiosity or food for a depraved imagination; but it is pure and harmless in the hands of a physician. So too, St. Liguori's book will sound ugly when tortured into coarse English by a shameless lecturer pandering to the passions of a lecherous mob. But for the priest who reads it in the chaste dress of the original Latin, it is an edifying commentary on the law of God, less likely to awaken immoral thoughts than the Holy Scriptures themselves. None save a perverted mind," continued Father Casey warming up, "dreams that a reputable family physician speaks of all that he has read in his anatomical works to the innocent child that comes to him with a bruised finger or an earache. Neither can any save a perverted mind dream that the priest asks all the questions in St. Liguori's book of the inno-

cent maiden that has nothing to confess but her little lapses against obedience and charity. But, just as the physician, from time to time, has to deal with loathsome and disgusting cases, so too has the priest—the physician of the soul. The law of Christ commands the sinner to confess his sins according to their number and species if he hopes to be forgiven. St. Liguori's instructions enable the priest to understand these sins at a word from the penitent, and thus to cut short all useless discussion of indelicate subjects in the confessional. Since Christ has commanded the sinner to confess all his sins, even those against the virtue of purity, it is the duty of Christ's minister, the priest, to listen to these sins. Nay, more, if he sees that the penitent is in danger of concealing any of these sins, and thus breaking Christ's law, and failing to obtain forgiveness of them, it is the priest's duty to ask about any sins that he has solid reason to believe that this penitent has committed. Nor can his questioning be termed indelicate or improper, any more than the questioning of a physician who is called upon to cure a loathsome disease. St. Liguori's book enables him to ask these questions in the most brief and delicate manner possible. Let me say one thing more: I defy any man living to point out a class of young women one-half so pure, so modest, so firm in all that pertains to the angelic virtue, as the Catholic young women who are regular in approaching the sacrament of Confession. This one fact is an unanswerable refutation of the damnable lie that the priest uses the confessional to debauch his penitents."

"I don't wonder that the gentleman in black," sneered the Delegate, "grows eloquent. Touch the confessional, and you touch his purse."

"Whoever touches my purse will receive no severe shock," laughed Father Casey, "for it is generally empty. But you, sir, insinuate that people must pay the priest for confession. Prove it."

"I've watched them with my own eyes. They never fail to carry their pocketbook with them when they go into the confessional."

"They show good judgment," said Father Casey, "not to go into the confessional and leave their pocketbooks in the pew while you are on the watch. For it is safe to say that your conduct is no more honest than your conversation."

"You call yourself a Walking Delegate," said a big broad-shouldered plumber, siding up to the man addressed. "Therefore, *Walk!*"

There was a ring of determination in the voice that the Delegate did not mistake. He took the hint.

"Arrah, Yer Reverence, why did ye stand forninst me. I'd a learnt the spalpeen to hould his lyin' tongue."

"A blow is bad logic, Jeremiah. But I am half inclined to believe that it's the only argument that will take any effect on such a hard-headed bigot."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

THE PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED

ST. LUKE XIII, 18-19

Trust His word. When we reflect on any scene of Our Lord's life, love and admiration must go hand in hand. He has just spent the feast of Tabernacles in Jerusalem, and for the last time. That was about the first week in October. Again his enemies sought to take Him, and He fled beyond the Jordan into Perea, the land of Herod. Blessed were those towns and hamlets through which He passed, and the synagogues in which He preached on Sabbaths! Services began with the recitation of a prayer during which all remained standing. Then followed the reading of a passage from Holy Writ. And now a sermon or instruction was to be given. Any competent member of the congregation could do this. And so we see that the Apostles are often invited, and even Our Lord Himself takes this chance to instruct the crowds. So it may have been in our Gospel.

The time for the address had come. All eyes turned on Our Lord in deepest silence, expecting Him to ascend the pulpit, sit down and preach to them. And lo! His figure stands out calmly and serenely from the crowd but His glance is turned over toward the women who were separated from the men. "And behold there was a woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years; and she was bowed together, neither could she look upwards at all." What a long period of untold suffering! But it is all over now, for Our Lord is going to speak to her. "He said to her: Woman thou art delivered from thy infirmity. And he laid His hands upon her and immediately she was made straight and glorified God." An act so tender and beautiful should have wrung a murmur of joy from all around. And yet—listen! "And the ruler of the synagogue, being angry that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath, answering said to the multitude: Six days there are wherein you ought to work; in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day." Nor was he alone in his anger; for notice how Our Lord seems to speak of others with him. "Ye hypocrites, does not every one of you on the Sabbath day loose his ox or his ass from the manger and lead him to the water? And ought not this daughter of Abraham whom Satan hath bound low, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day? And when he had said these things, all his adversaries were ashamed; and all the people rejoiced for all the things that were gloriously done by him." Now it is perhaps that Our Lord ascends the pulpit before them and speaks; "And he said therefore: To what is the kingdom of God like and to what shall I resemble it?" What suggested the parable? It was not the applause of the multitude. We remember how Our Lord appeared in the temple on that Easter feast, the first of His public career. Many saw His miracles and were

filled with enthusiasm; "but Jesus did not trust Himself to them for He knew all men" (John II, 24). We remember how they wanted to make Him their king; and Jesus fled away (John VI). We remember how He entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday when all the crowds were simply frantic with joy; and yet Jesus wept because He knew that in a few days all their joy would vanish as the foam on the waves. Not the applause but the opposition induced Him to speak. The miracle of the woman already shows that His might is to be exerted against Satan; that Satan is the enemy who will raise most terrible storms against His work. The rough rebuke of the ruler of the synagogue shows that the strongest influences in the land are leagued against Him. His disciples must have trembled: How can He succeed in the face of such opposition? The people must have wondered: Can God be with Him when the Synagogue and the Pharisees are against Him? Of course the miracle should have been answer enough; but Our Lord now proceeds to solve all their doubts. Yes, God is with Him. "Jacob also went on the journey he had begun; and the angels of God met him. And when he saw them, he said: These are the camps of God." So too the prophet Eliseus with his servant was surrounded by enemies and the servant feared. Then Eliseus prayed that God would open his servant's eyes and then he saw and "behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Eliseus." Ah no, the Apostles need not fear the opposition of earth; that will only show our Lord's grandeur in true proportions.

How his kingdom begins in v. 19 a. "It is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and cast into his garden." Do we hear aright? Only like a mustard seed? That is too small; the very breeze might hurry it away. Could you imagine a more effective symbol of meanness and nothingness? St. Mark himself says: "It is less than all the seeds that are in the earth" (IV, 31).

Of course it is not the smallest, absolutely speaking; as the great Doctors of the Middle Ages already pointed out. But it is considered the smallest in common parlance and estimate. We see that in Our Lord's own way of speaking; because He often alludes to the mustard seed by way of comparison, to suggest something that was small and trifling. Once the apostles failed to drive a devil out of a child. Our Lord ascribes this failure to their unbelief and adds: "For amen I say to you, if you had faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say to this mountain: Remove from hence thither, and it shall remove" (Matth. XVII, 19). Another time Our Lord had been teaching the hard lesson of forgiveness. The Apostles felt the full force of it and began to fear their natural weakness and asked Him to give them faith strong enough to meet this obligation. Then he answered: "If you had faith like to a grain of mustard seed, you might say to this mulberry tree; Be thou rooted up and be thou transplanted into the sea; and it would obey you" (Luke XVII, 6). Just so in the Talmud the expression often recurs: "Small as a mustard seed". And the kingdom of God is so small? It will not come with the steady march, the loud hurrah, the martial music of enormous armies; it will not come with the crowns and sceptres and banners of colossal empires; no, it will come small and unseemly as a mustard seed. It will be buried in the earth, where men may trample on it in their ignorance and pride. But no one need be surprised for Our Lord had already made use of this very same comparison on earlier occasions; you may find it in Matth. XIII, 31, and better in Mark IV, 39, who adds all the circumstances of the event. Even the Jews clustering round Our Lord in that synagogue need not wonder, for the prophets of old had foretold just such a beginning. In the second chapter of the prophet Daniel is recorded the dream of Nabuchodonosor. He had seen "a great statue; a statue that was great and tall of stature, and the look thereof was terrible." Then he saw a stone cut off from the mountain and it struck the statue on its feet and broke the huge colossus into pieces small as chaff, so that they were carried off by the wind. But the stone became a great mountain and filled the earth. This stone was

the kingdom of God and His Messias. They could have seen how this seeming smallness was verified in Our Lord's own life among them. He came into the world, and how? So apparently poor, that foolish men could afford to drive Him out of town and force Him to be born in a stable. He entered on His public life, and how? So apparently lowly, that foolish men could dare to call Him only the carpenter's son; could sneer at Him with impunity as a wine-bibber and worse. He ended His work on earth and how? Dead on a cross as a condemned criminal. Surely the mustard seed is very small. And we too can recognize His kingdom in the church. Just listen to St. Paul's description of it: "For see your vocation, brethren, that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise. And the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and things that are not, that he might bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glorify in His sight" (I Cor. I, 26-29). Here is the mustard seed. All the elements which the world would look for and esteem, all are set aside: wisdom of earth with universities and philosophies and libraries; wealth with its charms over men and its possibilities in this world; nobility of birth with all its prestige; all is scorned, just that the smallness of the mustard seed might become all the more evident; just that all may see that the finger of God was there.

How his kingdom will prosper in 18 b. "And it grew, and became a great tree; and the birds of the air lodged in the branches thereof." Of course the mustard plant is not technically a tree; it grows afresh every year like a vegetable. All who heard Our Lord understood it so too; as we see from the Gospels of Sts. Matthew and Mark who use the term: "it becomes greater than all herbs." Moreover, when we read how travellers picture the growth of the mustard plant in Palestine, we find it quite natural that it might be called a tree in everyday conversation.

Here is a passage from one: "Is this wild mustard, that is growing so luxuriantly and blossoming so fragrantly along the path? It is. And I always found it here in the springtime; and a little later, the whole surface of the valley will be gilded over with its yellow flowers. I have seen this plant in the rich plain of Akkar as tall as the horse and its rider." Father Fonck, S. J., found them grown to a height of 10 to 12 feet in the valley of Jeriko. The stem is almost woody at its base. So we could easily dispense with the exaggerations of the Talmud: "Rabbi Simeon the son of Kallaphta said: I had in my garden a mustard plant, into which I could climb as a person climbs into a figtree." That birds should gather in it, is the most natural thing in the world. On the one hand Palestine is noted for its immense variety of birds. On the other hand, forests and trees are scanty and even rare; and so it is no wonder that a plant such as a full grown mustard plant should win the preference of birds. Nor is it only shelter which they find there; there are also the black seeds which are delicious bird food. So Our Lord's comparison was very short; but it meant a great deal and His hearers easily caught the full meaning of it. His kingdom would come to earth not with a sudden blinding blaze of conquest; but humbly as a seed is sown; it would develop and expand gradually but also rapidly as the mustard follows the natural plans traced out for its growth by God. His kingdom would overshadow all the earth; all nations would gather in its branches. The comparison was all the more distinct for His hearers because they could easily remember how this simile was often used in scripture as emblem of world wide empires, and especially of the kingdom of the Messias. For example, read Daniel IV, 8-18. God sends Nabuchodonosor a dream: he sees a gigantic tree under which all animals had gathered, in the branches of which the birds had

built their nests: And Daniel explains the dream and tells him that the tree was the symbol of his world-empire. Then turn over to the prophecy of Ezekiel, XVII, 22-23. Here we meet a description of the Messianic kingdom (just what Our Lord was speaking of) symbolized by a tree. "Thus saith the Lord God: I myself will take of the marrow of the high cedar, and will set it. I will crop off a tender twig from the top of the branches thereof, and will plant it on a mountain high and eminent. On the high mountain of Israel I will plant it; and it shall shoot forth its branches and shall bear fruit and it shall become a great cedar; and all the birds shall dwell under it and every fowl shall make its nest under the shadow of the branches thereof." Nor did Our Lord stop at mere emblems of the truth; no, just follow along in the same chapter of St. Luke, and in v. 29 Our Lord will tell it in plain words. In v. 22-28 he shows how He invited all Israel to enter this kingdom; and how they are to be rejected for their refusal, and then adds that others will take their places: "And there shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." And did it all come true as He foretold? Most certainly. We will not weary the patient reader with a long line of evidence to prove our point. The Acts of the Apostles, the epistles of St. Paul, the early Fathers of the Church furnish testimony often sealed by the blood of the witness. We make one single appeal, and that to an enemy of our faith; to Celsus, a pagan philosopher, who lived probably about 150 years after Christ. The enemies of the church often contradict themselves and disprove their own assertions. Thus for example when they rail against the sacrament of confession, some denounce it as too severe, as a torture of consciences; and at the same time others deride it as too easy, as a soothing syrup for a criminal conscience. Well just so in our case now. In one passage this philosopher asserts that the church would never realize the prophecy: "You Christians are demented! How can you believe that your religion will cover all the globe, when even Rome, the mightiest of all empires, has its limits?" In another passage he admits that the miracle is an accomplished fact: "During His (Christ's) life He had only insignificant success; but once He is dead, His disciples have conquered the entire world." So they did; but they succeeded only because Christ was with them.

Now pause a moment. The question may rise: but where is that kingdom now? There are so many conflicting sects that claim to be the kingdom of Christ. Well, therefore, pause and take a closer look at the parable; it will help to find the true church.

1) The mustard tree is certainly visible. Therefore Christs's kingdom must be as visible too. A tree is a poor emblem of something invisible; especially when it is represented as attracting all birds or rather all nations of the earth. Protestantism was challenged by the Catholic Church to trace its existence back to the days of Christ. A visible existence could not be found for it; and so men devised the theory of the invisible church. Even Harnack, the great light of modern Protestantism, calls this a "hopeless notion". So it is. The Catholic Church needs no such tricks or evasions: she is visible in her social form and was such back through all centuries of history, back to the very hand of Our Lord who formed her. 2) The mustard tree is one. Therefore the kingdom of God is one in its organic existence. Our Lord prayed that all be one; St. Paul insisted that all be of one mind. Now Protestantism stands for individual freedom and logically must sanction division. Catholicism stands for authority and unity and has braved the hostility of centuries and empires in her devotion to unity. 3) The mustard tree embraces all nations; it is Catholic. Then the kingdom must comprise all nations of earth. Did not Our Lord send out His Apostles to preach to all nations unto the ends of earth? A sect, therefore, that is framed for a single nation or group of nationalities cannot be identified with this tree or kingdom. If it be designed for Germany, Denmark and Sweden it is not catholic. If it be framed for England alone, it is not catholic. If it be limited to Scotland, Holland, and parts of Switzerland, it is not catholic. Our

Catholic Church was catholic and universal from its very birth on the day of Pentecost and remained so through all succeeding ages. 4) That mustard tree being the kingdom of Christ must date from the very days of Christ and the apostles, it must be apostolic. Then such must be the church that claims to be one with it. Sects that are born fully 1500 years after Christ cannot be the tree sown by Him; they are just so many centuries too late. Harnack admits again that the Catholic Church existed in her entirety before the end of the third century. Now the Church of the martyrs must be the true Church of Christ and that is our Holy Catholic Church.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

IN DEED AND IN TRUTH

He who loves God must love his neighbor also; but he must love him not only in word but also in deed. With regard to the charity of our actions towards our neighbor: first, it is practised by aiding him as we best may. Let us remember what the Scripture says: "Alms deliver from all sin and from death, and will not suffer the soul to go into darkness" (Tob. IV, 11). By almsgiving is understood any assistance which it is in our power to render to our neighbor. The kind of almsgiving which is most meritorious is to help the soul of our neighbor by correcting him gently and opportunely, whenever we can thereby save him from sin. And let us not say with some: "What is it to me? Am I my brother's keeper?" It is something to one who is a Christian. He who loves God wishes to see Him loved by all.

Secondly, we must show charity towards the sick who are in greater need of help. Let us make them some little present if they are poor. At least let us go and wait on them and comfort them; the Lord will reward us.

Thirdly, we must above all show charity to our enemies. Some are all kindness with their friends; but Jesus Christ says: "Do good to those that hate you" (Mt. V, 44). By this you may know that a man is a true Christian, if he seeks to do good to those that wish him evil. And if we can do nothing else for them, let us pray that God may prosper them, as Jesus commands: "Pray for them that persecute you" (Mt. V, 44).

Fourthly, let us also be charitable to our neighbors who are dead, that is, to the holy souls in Purgatory. St. Thomas says that if we are bound to help our neighbors who are alive, we are also bound to remember them when dead. Those holy prisoners are suffering pains which exceed all the sufferings of this life; and nevertheless are in the greatest

necessity since they cannot possibly help themselves. Let us then endeavor to aid these holy souls either by having Masses said for them, or by hearing Masses for them, by giving alms, or at least by praying, and applying indulgences in their behalf; they will show themselves grateful by obtaining great graces for us, not only when they reach heaven, if they arrive there sooner through our prayers, but also in Purgatory.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

GRACE AND MARGUERITE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

An old white haired Missionary, Father Johnson, a young priest, and the writer meet for vacation at the Redemptorist Seminary on Lac La Belle, Wisconsin. During the summer on the long hot afternoons the Missionary tells the story, interrupted at times by remarks from Father Johnson sometimes wise, sometimes otherwise.

The story opened in the December, 1913, number of the LIGUORIAN. Marguerite Niederkorn, a young girl of twelve is making her First Holy Communion at her home in Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Growing up she emigrates to America to take service in the aristocratic family of the Piersons at Pulaski, Georgia, on the Chattahoochee River. She becomes the maid to Miss Rose and acquires quite a fine education from contact with the Southern swell people constituting the social set in which Miss Rose Pierson moves. Marguerite meets and marries George Schneiderhahn, a young carpenter, a Lutheran. George dies and leaves her a widow with one child, a son, Karl. Marguerite neglected the practice of her religion for 40 years, allowing her husband to die without conversion, and her two little girls to die without baptism. She is recalled to her sense of duty by the "Sinners' bell" at a Redemptorist Mission, and becomes very fervent, with a great regret for her past neglect. Her great task in life now is to bring her unbaptised son Karl, now grown up, into the Church. Karl falls in love with Grace Maloney, a model Catholic young lady living next door, and proposing marriage to her is turned down with the plea that he is not a Catholic. Karl doesn't give up hope, but a formidable rival turns up in the person of Dr. Gogarty, a Catholic young man educated at Harvard, with not too much Catholicity. He is the real villain of the story, and leaves no stone unturned to circumvent Karl and carry away the prize. The principal characters of the story besides those already mentioned, are the members of the Maloney family, Mr. and Mrs. Maloney, Patrick, Anne, Catherine and Willie. This is a charming Catholic family group. Fathers Horrell and Stanton, the Pastor and Assistant, Uncle Stanhope Moriarty, Mrs. Maloney's old bachelor brother, a planter 18 miles from Pulaski, Miss Charlotte Queen, a trained nurse in the Sisters' Hospital. Uncle Stanhope and Miss Queen make a match of it. Jerry Oldfinch, a monster, (who is the jailer of Willie when the "Big Four" kidnap him) and is afterward captured and lynched by the indignant mob.

Remember that the Missionary is always telling the story in different sections wherever we three may happen to meet, sometimes in the boat-house, sometimes on the lawn, sometimes on the walks.

I.

The day after the storm broke over a scene of desolation in Pulaski. There was great consternation at the Turners' Boathouse

when the shell, bottom up, was found entangled in some weeds; but, greater joy, when it was afterwards learned that Karl was alive and well—at least, as well as one could be supposed to be after such an ordeal. Grace quickly recovered and went home to get a scolding from her father; and Marguerite, too, soon recuperated when she learned that Karl was back and safe. An enormous amount of damage had been wrought by the storm and it was a long time before Pulaski was able to fully repair her damaged finery.

Dr. Gogarty was as 'snug as a bug in a rug' at the Infirmary during the storm; but, after sun-up, he was out looking up his friends. He came early, with much concern expressed in his countenance, to inquire after the Maloneys. But Grace was not to be seen. So, after expressing his delight to June, that the Maloneys had escaped with little damage, he went to look for his brother, and, later, the two, at Mike's Place, celebrated. Mike's front window had been blown in, and many bottles of choice spirits had been loosed, and it was certainly a disconsolate looking crowd that gazed with sorrowful features at the broken bottles and sniffed up the inspiring and appetizing smell that prevailed throughout the establishment.

It broke the heart of some of the old bums to see so much good "likker" wasted and they actually got down on their bellies and lapped it up where it had collected in little pools, as you sometimes see dogs lapping water out of a mud-puddle after a rain.

It took many days for Karl to get the stiffness and soreness out of his limbs, and it was with a shudder that he thought of the many narrow escapes he had had that night. He realized, too, I think, the great mercy of the good God, and how He holds His hand over those whom He loves. The sun was growing stronger every day now, the days lengthening, and beauty prevailed everywhere. 'Twas now mid-April and you know what that means in the South—the music of birds, the perfume of flowers and the luxurious growth of all vegetation. Only a short time was required to heal the wounds inflicted by the storm on the trees. Marguerite's and Grace's gardens were soon rehabilitated. The crushed shrubs and bushes were straightened up, and under June's vigorous arm, the beds were dug, new flowers planted and in a short while the effects of the storm were practically forgotten. After the great live-oak had been chopped up and disposed of, it was found that no great damage had been done to Marguerite's home. It was only a question of replacing the broken glass, and the pillars of the south

verandah. Both the Maloneys and Schneiderhahns felt a greater confidence in the strength of their respective homes after having passed through such an ordeal unscathed. Willie and Jimmie Bilkins were at their accustomed pranks, drumming and lassoing and running their express train, and life for them all seemed to have put on its every day clothes.

Suddenly Karl announced to his mother at breakfast one morning that he intended that same evening to start for New Orleans to lay in a stock of goods for the spring and summer and that he would probably be absent about ten days. This did not startle or surprise Marguerits a bit, as Karl was accustomed to go somewhere every year for this purpose. Night found him ready and the eight o'clock train bore him away to the Crescent City.

I shall not pause to tell how Karl reached the Crescent in due time; how he spent two days in making his purchases; how he wandered, aimlessly, as it were, around the city from place to place, yet bent upon an errand of the deepest significance; how he finally drifted into a beautiful, venerable church of storied windows, how he met there, as by accident, a grave and reverend Seigneur, a priest with snow-white hair and benign aspect; how he went every night for a week to the Rectory to recite his catechism like a little child; how, at last, he was baptized on a warm, sunny afternoon; and, how, the next morning at the seven o'clock Mass, he made his first Holy Communion; nor, how the good priest accompanied him to the L. & N. station to bid him "God speed", and shook his hand as an old friend, imparting his blessing. No, I shall not pause on these interesting details. But, when Karl's train rolled into Pulaski, his mother's heart gave a great leap to have her boy home again, and I won't say whether there were any other hearts leaping or not. But, this I do know, that Willie was sporting a beautiful pearl-handled knife the next day and when Grace asked him where he got it, he made no answer except to wink and point with his thumb over his left shoulder.

Karl returned home on Thursday morning, the eve of the First Friday of May. The First Friday devotion was popular in Pulaski. Father Horrell himself had a great love for the Sacred Heart and he had gradually communicated this to the people. Consequently, the communions on the First Friday were very numerous. There were two Masses—at 6 and 8 o'clock. Grace frequently sang with the Children's Choir at the eight o'clock Mass. The Sanctuary was generally a mass

of bloom culled from the fairest of southern gardens. Karl spent the forenoon in the store deeply immersed in his business affairs, but immediately after lunch, instead of returning to the store he made a detour and dropped in to see Father Horrell. He remained but a short while, but doubtless he notified the pastor of his baptism and went to confession to prepare a little surprise for his mother and his numerous friends the next day. Friday dawned bright and beautiful, and at half-past seven "Marguerite's Missionary" sent its sonorous call over the city.

"Karl," said Marguerite, "would you mind coming to the eight o'clock Mass with me? You know it's the First Friday."

"Yes, mother, I'm going with you, for I do like to hear the children sing."

"Good," replied Marguerite, "you'll like it this morning, for Father Horrell sent word to Grace that he has a special intention for the Mass, and Dr. Gogarty, Miss Queen and Grace are going to strengthen the Children's Choir. You may expect something very nice."

Karl looked away and a ghost of a smile crept into his eyes. I think he knew something about that "special intention", but he said nothing.

When the Mass began there was a congregation which practically filled the church. I think the storm had boomed religion some in Pulaski. Storms and earthquakes are good missionaries. No one could say that they had ever seen either of the Gogarty's approach the "holy table". Still, for all that they seemed to be good Catholics, at least in appearance. They both wore the Knights of Columbus button, and seemed to be in good standing.

"A precious pair of hypocrites," snapped Father Johnson.

But the Doctor effusively consented to sing on this occasion, when notified. Perhaps, though, his divinity was a "hem-stitched thing of smiles and tears". At this particular Mass the music and singing were truly exquisite. The Children's Choir was well trained. Sister Benigna had put in many a weary hour on that. But their young voices were as clear and pure as crystal. Gogarty possessed a lovely liquid tenor. Of Miss Queen's contralto and Grace's soprano we have heard. The hymns had been selected with care and taste. They were tender and devotional. At last came the communion of the Mass. Several chorus hymns had been sung by the children and one or two solos and trios by the older people. The organist handed Grace a sheet of music, and

after a few preliminary chords, she began that beautiful, tender communion hymn:

"Oh Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But, speak the word of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be."

You could hear the shuffle of feet as the people approached the altar-railing and receded from it. Nearly every one present went to Communion. Marguerite, whose pew was in the middle aisle, remained kneeling, with Karl beside her, until the greater number had gone, then rising, with bowed head and folded hands, she approached the altar. Karl followed close behind her, but she took no note of him. But the people took note. You may be sure that there was great amazement. People looked at each other with questioning in their eyes. The clear, liquid notes of the beautiful communion hymn floated down the stream of harmony as iridescent bubbles on the bosom of a summer brook. Miss Queen touched Grace's arm lightly and pointed. One glance was sufficient. There was a break in the hymn for an instant, and I believe a couple of notes were lost. But the accusing angel who bore those lost notes to heaven's chancery, surely blushed as he gave them in and the recording angel certainly dropped a tear and blotted them out forever. A close observer could have noticed that Grace's hand trembled a little, and that was all.

After receiving Communion Marguerite remained kneeling an instant, then rising, walked slowly and reverently back to her pew, Karl following a couple of steps behind her. The eyes of the entire congregation were fixed upon them. As Marguerite entered the pew she wonderingly noticed Karl's absence. Turning to kneel she saw her boy with bowed head and folded hands following her. With sudden intuition she realized it all. Karl had entered the Church in New Orleans. He is a Catholic. He is going to Communion. At last, her many prayers are heard. A great light of gladness flashed over her countenance as the sun, rising suddenly out of a curtain of clouds, illumines the sea.

"O Karl!" she exclaimed, stretching out her hands. "My son!"

Everything about her was forgotten, the place, the people, all; she saw only Karl, her son, the child of many prayers and tears, a Catholic. She clasped her arms about his neck and bowing her head upon his shoulder sobbed aloud. A wave of sympathy swept over the congrega-

tion like an electric spark. The people understood and there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. Even Miss Queen, who was not much given to sentimentality, was seen to wipe her eyes, and as for Grace, she simply wept without restraint. Gogarty smiled sardonically.

Marguerite and her boy remained kneeling in the church for a long time, 'till everyone had departed. Then, taking Karl by the hand, she led him to Our Lady's altar, and kneeling, Marguerite poured forth her grateful heart in thanks to Our Lady whose powerful help she had so often invoked. As Grace left the church she was joined by Gogarty.

"Mr. Schneiderhahn stole a march on us all," said Grace. "He went to New Orleans to buy goods, and returned a Catholic."

"Yes," sneered Gogarty, "that whole scene in there was quite theatrical—a put-up job, I suspect."

"I can't see what good would result by putting up a job like that," said Grace quietly.

"Advertisement!" laughed Gogarty. "Gets sympathy. Helps to sell groceries."

"What a sordid view," said Grace.

Thus do villains overreach themselves. Little did the sardonic grinner dream how near he was to the edge of the cliff.

II.

The following Sunday evening found quite a large dinner-party assembled at the Maloney home. Uncle Stanhope had driven in to Mass that day, and, of course, remained. Miss Queen had accompanied Grace home after the High Mass and remained to spend the afternoon and evening. In the middle of the afternoon Grace had gone over after Marguerite and Karl. Later came Father Horrell. Aunt Chloe and Nancy were busy with as fine a turkey as could be found at Pine Grove. Little Mary had come in the afternoon to see Grace and she was to remain all night. When dinner was over, as was usual at Maloneys, some friends dropped in, and the drawing-room, with the windows and doors wide open to admit the pleasant May breeze, and lighted by a large beautiful chandelier, presented a pleasant and sociable appearance. As was natural, the storm was the principal subject of conversation, each one having some experience to relate. Later the door-bell rang and in came Dr. Gogarty in a faultless spring suit of the latest cut. He did, indeed, look perfectly killing, and assumed quite the lion's share of the conversation. He certainly was a well-

informed man, a glib talker, and there was simply no end to his assurance. For all that, he was quite affable and gentlemanly, just an all round man of the world. The conversation became quite spirited, especially when Dr. Gogarty began giving an animated account of a Prohibition meeting he had attended a few days before in the county. As we have seen his brother John was running for an office on the Prohibition ticket, although the owner of a saloon, but the Doctor had never declared himself. When attacked he always claimed to be a neutral, though Miss Queen always thought she could detect a note of sarcasm whenever he spoke of Prohibition and he ever seemed ready to poke fun at it. Miss Queen was listening to the Doctor with rapt attention as he repeated from memory the speech of one of the antis, a country hoosier, with all the bad grammar, exaggerated gestures and facial expression, and there was a gathering cloud on her brow as she listened which betokened a storm. The Doctor was just in the very midst of his narration, all his listeners laughing heartily and enjoying the countryman's harangue, when the door suddenly opened and in pops little Mary. But not the Mary of "Gumbo Alley". This Mary was scrubbed and cleaned with scented soap, her beautiful, soft, silken hair curled into little ringlets and her little body clad in the loveliest white frock edged with lace—as beautiful a child as you ever saw. The child flew into Grace's arms and throned herself on her lap, apparently oblivious of her surroundings, and altogether unconscious of the fact that her arrival was the "ghost of Banquo" at the Doctor's intellectual feast. Little Mary sat looking up into Grace's face holding on to her hand and toying with her fingers. The Doctor stopped his story abruptly, and strange to say, he has never resumed it even to this day. The child began to take in her surroundings. At last her eyes rested on the Doctor.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, giving a little start and clasping Grace's fingers as if claiming protection.

The Doctor flushed.

"I declare, Mary," said Grace, "you seem to know Dr. Gogarty."

"Yeth, I knows him," looking at the Doctor. "He thaid he would thow me under the train and then thow me in the river."

"O, you must be mistaken, Mary," said Grace. "Dr. Gogarty wouldn't talk like that to a little girl."

"Yeth, he did too. Yeth, he did. Didn't you?" looking straight at the Doctor.

The Doctor gave the child a fierce look to enforce silence, but the shaft fell short. Then, assuming a nonchalance he was far from feeling, the Doctor said lightly, "The child is dreaming. She's got me mixed up with somebody else."

"No, I aint," said little Mary. Then, pulling Grace's head down, she whispered something in her ear.

"Oh! Mary," said Grace, glancing at the Doctor, "that couldn't be."

"Yeth he did, too," persisted Mary.

"Mary says you took her into Mike's saloon."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Miss Queen, looking threateningly at the Doctor.

"O, nonsense," said the Doctor. "The child is demented. I never saw the youngster before."

Mary stood up in Grace's lap and winding her left arm around Grace's neck she stood like an accusing angel with the right forefinger pointing straight at the Doctor.

"Oh! you story-teller," she exclaimed.

Karl grinned. Uncle Stanhope who sat in the shadow had his eyes fixed intently on the Doctor's countenance from the beginning, noting every change of expression. By this time the Doctor was as red as a boiled lobster. Mary continued excitedly talking to Grace.

"I was thoming up to tell you 'bout Willie, 'tause I knowed where Willie was. I theed the men take him out the aut'mobile. And dat man picked me up an' tarried me in Mike's thaloon and set me on a table, an 'he thaid he was doin' to beat me if I didn't tell him all about Willie. An' I tole him. An' he thaid I mustn't tell you, an' nobody. An' he thaid he was doin' to tell you."

"So, that's where we got the story of the nigger with the small-pox," broke in Uncle Stanhope. "I knew that was a cock-and-bull story from the first."

"It's a lie," fiercely exclaimed the Doctor; "that little imp has been put up to say that. If the veracity of a gentleman is to be impeached by the ravings of an irresponsible child, its' time for me to withdraw."

So saying the Doctor strode from the room and in another minute his step could be heard on the front verandah, down the stairs, and out the walk to the front gate.

"Exit Iago. A trans-continental fake!" said Uncle Stanhope, "as I told you from the beginning."

Father Horrell looked a little sad, as he felt that he was losing a

fine singer. Grace, too, looked troubled. It's not in the heart of any woman to condemn utterly even the most irredeemable scoundrel that admires her. That admiration is a garment that covers a multitude of sins. Anyway, it shows his good taste and judgment. Mr. Maloney simply said:

"The world is full of frauds and humbugs, and one doesn't know whom to believe."

Karl, I must say to his credit, was sorry to see the poor fellow's humiliation. But Marguerite, a loyal mother, was glad, as it removed a formidable rival out of her son's path. Miss Queen smiled as one who knew, but Mrs. Maloney regretted that he wasn't what he seemed to be for he was handsome and had a fine address. As for Willie, he simply muttered:

"Aw, I knew he was no good, for he never gave me nothin'," as he fingered the nice new pearl handled knife in his pocket.

NOTE—In the December Liguorian: "The End of the Story."

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

BUZZARDS

Out west a calf may stray off, and the owner search for weeks before he finds it. However, he never gives up hope until he sees the buzzards. He knows that if it were dead out in the high grass these carrion birds would immediately scent the rotting flesh and gather about to gorge themselves upon it until they vomited.

The human buzzards are the scandal mongers. They have the smelling faculties of a carrion bird for scenting out the faintest beginnings of an ugly story or a scandal. Good mother, if these vultures have never settled down to claw and tear at your daughter's reputation then rest assured that she has always been a very marvel of circumspection and maidenly reserve. The buzzards are indirectly good for something—their absence proves conclusively that there is nothing dead around.

If there is a vacancy at your place of business, tell your pastor or your confessor about it. The priest generally has a list of decent people who are looking for that job you can furnish.—*Brooklyn Tablet.*

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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"BACILLUS OF BIGOTRY"

Elbert Hubbard, who went down in the Lusitania disaster, wrote many a nasty and ungodly and erotic article and had a clientelage among a certain set whose religion is pure paganism—for the body alone. It may not be generally known that he had been deprived of his American citizenship in 1913, when he pleaded guilty and was fined for misuse of the mails, sending highly objectionable matter—his magazine—broadcast. This deprived him automatically of the rights of American citizenship, which President Taft refused to restore on the ground that his asking was premature. A few weeks ago he applied for restoration of his civil rights in order to obtain a passport, and his request was granted. Much of what he wrote ought to go down in the sea with him, however one unique paper of his, known as "The Bacillus of Bigotry", aimed at the A. P. A., is well worthy of recalling. It contained an anecdote that will bear repetition. Hubbard said:

"Once upon a day it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State Express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back of the crowd I saw a hand swing aloft. At the instant the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over crossings, switches, bridges, culverts, and through tunnels, viaducts, at the terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air-brake. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me nor at his fireman. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he forced the flying monster forward. At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned

to the fireman. 'Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?' 'Who? Th' ole man? Why, don't you know? He's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident; never touches a drop of anything—the nerviest man that ever kicked a gauge-cock, he is, 'swelp me!'—R. C. Gleaner in the *Catholic Columbian*.

A LETTER TO THE DUPES

In an open letter to the "Guardians of Liberty", of his district in western New York State, Senator George F. Thompson, a Protestant, thus pays his compliments to the bigots:

"It was said in the old days when a politician needed voters to vote as he directed he sometimes paid them money (usually \$2.00) for the privilege of influencing their vote. You have taught him something new. He can organize you as Guardians of Liberty and influence your vote and get you to pay \$2.00 to him at the same time.

"This could not be accomplished, however, except for the secrecy and mystery placed about the transaction so that you will not talk with your neighbors about it.

"You can see now what I am trying to tell you. You are dupes. You have been humbugged. You have first been led into a church if possible (the custodian of which has been lied to), and amid the surroundings of sanctity have been imbued with a lot of precious lies which have disturbed you; for instance, that the Pope desires, and tried through the impeachment of Sulzer, to take over the government of New York state; that the Catholics are arming and drilling for war; that the Knights of Columbus take an oath against the government and Protestants residing here. You are permitted to buy at \$6.00 per thousand printed copies of a so-called oath of the K. of C. organization, every statement of which is an abominable lie. The truth is that the Knights of Columbus is not an oath-bound order.

"You are then permitted to digest another lie, viz., that Catholics hold 90 or 73 per cent or some other large per cent of all public offices in this country, when they have only 30 per cent or something like that of the voting population, after which, if you are out of work or have a modest job which you like to improve, a suggestion carefully made

that the Guardians of Liberty will throw all these Catholics out of office and give their places to the intrepid Guardians, has perhaps been a factor in bringing you to produce \$2.00 for initiation and first year's dues (in advance). A great many men, in modest circumstances apparently, have thus contributed to a blatherskite organizer who lives in great style at the principal hotels on your money, while he is making out the preferred list, and endeavoring to sell for money the influence of the organization, including your vote, to the candidate who finally remains on the list.

"Can you see it all now? Can you find the reason for the existence of an organization for the purpose of perpetuating the separation of Church and State, and the prevention of the use of public money for private schools, when both these principles are guaranteed by the constitution of the state and one of them by the constitution of the United States? Can you in any event find an excuse for secrecy in an endeavor to perpetuate these principles?

"On the other hand, can you, in the name of liberty, refuse the right of any man to pursue any religion he desires or in any manner to discipline him in this free country to any particular religious belief?"—*True Voice* (Omaha).

TOO KIND-HEARTED

"Kind-hearted? That's his trouble; he's *too* kind-hearted! He can't bear to pain a friend by refusing to drink with him. He never touches liquor when he is alone." Kind-hearted! Nonsense! No one is kind-hearted who will wilfully bring grief and suffering to a helpless woman or child. Yet that is what he does every time he begins to drink. We pity his weakness; we realize his chagrin after each successive debauch; we are ready to forgive him and help him on his feet; but we will not allow him to malign the beautiful virtue of kindness, and say that his brutality is due to kind-heartedness.

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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WOMAN'S RIGHTS

"We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the 'superiority' of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

"Now, their separate characters are briefly these: The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention, his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in the open world, must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, the failure, the offense, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded or subdued, often misled and always burdened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace. * * * * And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but her home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

"This, then, I believe to be—will you not admit it to be?—the woman's true place and power. But do not you see that to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly

wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman.”—Ruskin: *Sesame and Lilies*.

GOOD SAMARITANS UP TO DATE

Catholic young man, do you know that a large percentage of the wayward boys hauled up before the judge in your city are Catholics? Now tell me honestly, what you think of their chances for leading straight lives. In nine cases out of ten their home is no good. Their surroundings are worse. Their chums are “the limit”. If something is not done for them, nothing short of a miracle will save them from growing up toughs nad ending in the penitentiary or on the gallows. Aren't they in far greater need of charitable assistance than the man in the Gospel that fell among robbers and was left wounded and naked on the wayside? You remember how the Jewish priest and the Jewish levite came that way, “and seeing him passed by”. Well, is that your conduct in regard to these unfortunate Catholic boys? Why don't you take example from the Catholic young men of New York City. Form a Catholic Big Brothers' League. At least get a few of your friends together and go to the judge and tell him that each one of you will act as a Big Brother to one of those wayward Catholic boys. Then take your boy and make a man of him. That is the way to prove that you are grateful to God for giving you a good Catholic home. That is the way to be a Good Samaritan up to date.

OIL AND WATER WON'T MIX

We have no sympathy with all this misdirected enthusiasm about the number of Protestant children in our Catholic schools. The sole reason for the existence of our Catholic schools is to make thorough Catholics. But Protestants send their children with the understanding that we shall not try to make Catholics of them. Therefore they are entirely out of place in a Catholic school. Say what you will, the Catholic teacher does not speak with the same freedom and directness on matters of religion when there is a Protestant pupil in the room. That

"Catholic atmosphere", so essential to Catholic education, is thinned and rarefied, thereby thwarting one of the principal agencies of attaining the end for which our Catholic schools are built and maintained. The thoughtful observer will see the evil effects of this mistaken policy in not a few of our Catholic young people who have been educated in schools, colleges or academies where Protestant pupils are readily admitted. The evil results of which I speak are: mixed marriages, undue association with Protestants, a growing suspicion that one religion is nearly as good as another, a hankering to imitate the humanitarian cant of the man made creeds, etc. To admit Protestants to Catholic schools is unfair and unnatural for the Protestant pupils and unjust and demoralizing for the Catholic pupils. Our Catholic schools cannot contain one-half of the Catholic children of the country. Then why neglect them to cater to the Protestants?

God forbid that we should place even a straw in the way of zealous souls who are striving to extend Christ's kingdom on earth by bringing Protestants into the true church. We are only telling them that they are unwise to think that they will gain their object by mixing Protestants and Catholics in the Catholic School.

ALL SOULS

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass can help the suffering souls of purgatory. This doctrine is of faith. Whoever denies it is a heretic. When the priest says Mass for the soul of one of the faithful departed, the atoning blood of the Redeemer, that was once shed on Calvary, is offered up to God to obtain the liberation of that soul from the cleansing flames. Think of it—the priceless blood of Jesus is given to the Eternal Father in ransom for the prisoners of purgatory! What mind can conceive how much that means to our dear departed. How they must thank God when they see their bereaved family procuring Mass after Mass for their liberation—when they see even distant relatives and mere friends adopting this truly Christian method of testifying to their grateful remembrance of one they loved in life! This consolation, ordinarily offered to the faithful departed, is withheld in a great measure from the millions of victims of the present war. When several hundred thousand priests are forced to give up saying Mass and enter the army, when every family is too much taken up with its own dead to think of others, when, even in the individual families, there are often

as many as four or five members killed within the space of a few months, it is clear that the fallen cannot enjoy the benefit of so many Masses as if they had died in times of peace.

The great, compassionate heart of Pope Benedict XV has been touched by this deprivation. He has made use of his power of supreme lawgiver in the Church to come to the rescue. Every priest in the world, such is his decree, is allowed to celebrate three Masses on All Souls' Day. One of these Masses, they may say for whomsoever they please, but the other two Masses must be said, without accepting a stipend of any kind, for the souls designated by the Holy Father's intention. These souls, he says, are mainly those of the victims of the war. No Catholic worthy of the name will wilfully neglect to hear at least one of these Masses on All Souls' Day.

ALL SAINTS

Dear Friend, I am glad that you have turned to this page of the LIGUORIAN, because I have a secret to tell you. God wants you to be a saint. You know a saint is one who practiced the Christian virtues in a heroic degree. Some saints have been canonized and some have not. Canonization simply means that the Church solemnly declares that the person practiced the Christian virtues in a heroic degree. There are many saints in heaven who have never been canonized. On All Saints' Day we celebrate their feast, as well as the feast of those who have been canonized. Now, as I said, God wants you to become a saint. In order to encourage you, He gives you All Saints' Day and reminds you that hundreds of others became saints who were in precisely the same circumstances as you. Do you know how they did it? Listen; this is the principle part of my secret. In the morning they got up when they were called. They knelt down to say their little morning prayers and tried to mean what they were saying. They eat breakfast without making gluttons of themselves or taking more than their share of the jam. If they were parents, they didn't growl at the rest of the family all day long; if they were children, they didn't "act up" when they were told to do something they didn't like. No matter how mean and stupid and unreasonable other people were, they didn't get angry more than half the times they felt like getting angry, and some days they didn't get angry at all. They wanted to have a good time themselves, but they nearly always thought of helping others to

have a good time too. They tried to pity other peoples' rheumatics and praise other peoples' babies and laugh at other peoples' jokes. And all the time they tried to remember that they were doing these things because it was right, because it was what God wanted them to do. No matter where they were they were on the lookout not to offend God, and when sometimes they did offend Him, they were honestly sorry for it, made up their minds not to do it again, and begged God very earnestly to help them to keep their resolutions. . . .

This, Dear Friend, is just the way many became great saints of God, who were placed in precisely the same circumstances as you are today. But, Father, you say, to become a saint one must practice heroic virtue, and there is nothing heroic about all that. I answer, just you try it for a week, and see whether there is nothing heroic about it!

MONTH'S MIND MASS

The Month's Mind Mass! Every priest knows it well. It is a week day, and perhaps there are but few others in the church. Every member of the bereaved family is present. All who are old enough have gone to Confession and will kneel together at the Holy Table. What a significant group they form! There is the black veil covering the grey hairs of the mother or pushed back from the golden tresses of the girl; there are the black edged handkerchiefs, the mournful bits of crepe on the sleeves of restless children. There are the cheeks pale and thin perhaps from weeks of nightly watching at the sick bed, the faces chiseled into more beautiful and spiritual lines by the chisel of suffering borne with Christian patience; there may be too a few tears, for the last time the family was gathered there, a coffin stood before the altar; but above all else one can see that there is peace, deep, confirmed peace. The first strong burst of sorrow has passed, and the teachings of faith come home to them with all their inborn power. This family gathering at the Requiem Mass, takes on the nature of a reunion. They know that the soul of their loved one is united with them in thought. They know that he is in pain, and they pour out their prayers for his relief with all the love and tenderness and self-forgetfulness with which they ministered to him in his last illness. They sorrow indeed, "but not as those who have no hope". They feel stealing into their hearts a foretaste of the deep and lasting joy that will be theirs when they meet again in that blessed land where, "God shall wipe away all tears

from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away”.

At a time like this we realize the cruelty of the so-called reformation in robbing Christian peoples of their belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead.

NATURALIZATION PAPERS

Make sure of your naturalization papers, for you must by all means vote this month. I am not referring to the ward elections; I mean the obligation of using your right of suffrage for your friends in purgatory. Every citizen of God's kingdom can cast his ballot for them hundreds of times daily, and every ballot brings them nearer to the office they covet—a seat among the saints and angels of heaven. Will you show yourself a false friend in this their hour of need while they so plaintively solicit your aid?

But make sure of your legal standing. Have you perhaps forfeited your right of citizenship by mortal sin? If so hasten to regain it by a good Confession. Renounce allegiance to the devil, and become naturalized in the kingdom of God. Then you can make every prayer you say, every Holy Mass you hear, every suffering you endure, every daily duty you perform, a ballot cast in favor of your friends in purgatory. In this world, successful candidates sometimes forget the friends who helped them to their high office, but in all the centuries of creation one elected to a heavenly throne has never forgotten to use his powerful influence with God in favor of the friends who offered up prayers and good works for him while he was struggling for release from purgatory.

God created human love in order to brighten and smoothen our path of life. He meant that we should love those with whom our lot is cast and with whom we are bound to live, that loving them, we would patiently bear with their oddities and shortcomings and gladly labor and suffer for them. What fools we are then, instead of bestowing that love where God intended, we give it to strangers, from whom we are bound to remain separated, thus making life's burden doubly heavy for ourselves, and at the same time wantonly tossing away the aid that a provident God had prepared to help us in bearing that burden!

	Catholic Events	
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It is only 17 months since the present Holy Father was made a cardinal, yet within that short time nearly 20 of his fellow Cardinals have died. The Pope himself continues his efficacious efforts for humanity in the present war. He has obtained assurances from the British and French governments that they will guarantee the safety of the Holy Places in Palestine in the eventuality of a British-French occupation of the neighboring Turkish territory. Simultaneously the Austrian and German governments have notified him that their protection of the Holy Land will be continued throughout the war.

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We have to record the death of two well known Churchmen of this country, Bishop Conaty of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, and one time Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, and Rev. David Phelan, the veteran editor of the "Western Watchman". In reporting Father Phelan's death, the press has almost invariably quoted an editorial that appeared in his paper about a year ago: "We want the priests to throw a handful of earth on our coffin; and let it be gently done, not as if at the live editor, but as a parting touch of the hand to a priest who, with all his faults, never treasured the memory of a wrong."

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Edward F. Dunne, the Catholic Governor of Illinois, has been elected president of the Famous Fathers' Club of Illinois, which admits to membership only the parents of ten or more children. The Governor boasts of thirteen.

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The Catholic Foreign Missionary Society at Maryknoll, New York, has received from Rome the approbation known as the "Decree of Praise"; it will henceforth be under the direct rule of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. Who can foretell what glorious work may be in store for American-born missionaries in the pagan lands deprived of their European missionaries by the war!

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Sister Mary Elzear Grattan died in Chicago Sept. 18, at the age of 85. She was the last surviving member of the band of 12 Chicago Sisters of Mercy who accompanied Mulligan's Irish Brigade in the Civil War.

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Sept. 12, 67 inmates of the Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary received the sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of Bishop McCort. Many of the prisoners cried during the Bishop's heartfelt address.

Father Lynch, Rector of the Redemptorist mission at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, has been forced to appeal to the Catholics of the United States for aid for his school on account of the cessation of the customary contributions from Europe. "The Protestants," he says, "are looking for a contingency of this kind. They are well provided with funds from the States. Our school counts now about 1,100 children. We must pay the good Sisters and 14 native teachers. It is quite a problem to make ends meet."

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News has come from Rome that the Kaiser decorated Cardinal von Hartman with the Iron Cross as a special mark of his favor.

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The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in the far East have 800 lepers under their care.

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When Mexican refugees in Laredo, Texas, discovered in a car-load of junk an old bell which had been stolen from an ancient cathedral in Mexico by revolutionists and sold to a junk dealer, they filed protest against the removal of the bell further, and the American junk buyer who purchased it in Mexico surrendered it. It has hung in the cathedral since 1821.

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Anthon Lang, of Oberammergau, known to the world as the actor who took the part of the Christ in the Passion Play, has been killed in the war.

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Cardinal Gibbons is reported as saying the lot of Catholics in Mexico will not be improved under Carranza.

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The Redemptorist Cardinal, van Rossum, has been made Grand Penitentiary. This is one of the highest offices in the Church.

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The Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines will be present at the crowning the new emperor of Japan as the accredited representative of the Pope.

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The Catholic universities of the country have begun work with an unusually large enrollment. Fordham leads with 1,626.

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It is gratifying to learn that Harvard university will have a Catholic on its staff of professors. The professor is Maurice de Wulf, formerly of Louvain.

Father Schwinn of Watertown, Wis., has hit upon the proper and efficacious method of counteracting the attacks of bigots. When the apostate priest, Seguin, began his lectures on the "Horrors of the Confessional, etc.", in Watertown, the good Father instituted special services before the Blessed Sacrament to make reparation for the blasphemies of one who had once been permitted to stand at the altar and offer the tremendous Sacrifice of the Mass.

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The A. P. A. candidate for governor of Massachusetts on the republican ticket was defeated by some 5,000 votes. Governor Walsh was renominated by the democrats by an overwhelming majority.

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A Sister of Charity writes from China that she was agreeably surprised to meet a Chinaman, who had been converted to the faith in Missouri, and had returned to China to work for the conversion of his fellow-countrymen. She met him at the Catholic Mission. He had travelled for two days in order to be able to hear Mass.

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A touching event took place in Texas recently when Father Brannan of Dallas, a veteran of the civil war, received into the Church the Captain under whom he had fought 50 years ago.

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The *Times-Journal* of Dubuque published the following communication from Hugh Atchison, Pastor of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church of that city: "I am happy to state that the placing for sale on the book tables of the Methodist Book Concern of a rabid anti-Roman Catholic publication, purporting to be the autobiography of an ex-priest of that Church, was a matter with which neither the Pastor of St. Luke's Church nor the Upper Iowa Conference had anything to do whatever. As soon as it was noticed, its immediate withdrawal was demanded, and the agent complied at once with proper apologies."

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With the approval of the local Church authorities, Father van Aken, of Whitefish, Mont., has instituted a course of Catechism by mail for those members of his scattered flock who cannot regularly attend instructions. The plan has worked for over a year with gratifying results.

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The Catholic Actors' Guild of America had its first annual retreat at the end of October.

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The Holy Father has been chosen by Peru and Bolivia as arbitrator of the Boundary Line dispute.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign Questions with name and address.)

What is a privileged altar?

A privileged altar is one to which the Church attaches the privilege of a plenary indulgence for a soul in purgatory for whom the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered at that altar. If the rubrics permit, that Mass must be a requiem Mass. On days when a Mass in black is not permitted, any Mass will suffice. The Church also grants the favor of a privileged altar to certain priests whenever they offer the Sacrifice of the Mass on any altar for the faithful departed, as well as to all altars on All Soul's day.

Several things may be remarked in regard to the indulgence of a privileged altar. Like any other help we render the souls in purgatory, it is applied to the soul for whom the Mass is offered only by way of suffrage, that is, subject to the pleasure of God. Secondly, the indulgence is not granted directly to the priest to be applied by him, but it is granted by the Church to the soul for whom the Mass is offered.

Why do priests not wear beards?

The law of the Church prescribes that priests should shave their beards unless they suffer from some throat trouble. This law was promulgated in an age when men universally wore beards and frequently manifested much vanity in the care they bestowed upon them. It is also a precautionary measure to safeguard the reverence due to the Precious Blood of our Lord which the priest receives whenever he offers the sacrifice of the Mass. On account of the origin of the law which prescribes it the shaven face of the priest is symbolical of his detachment from the world, which is so necessary for him in his office as mediator between God and man.

What are the Blessed Sacrament Beads, and how are they prayed?

The Blessed Sacrament Beads were approved in 1911 by Pius X. They consist of thirty-three beads in honor of the thirty-three years that Jesus dwelt visibly among men. These beads are prayed by repeating on each bead this ejaculatory prayer: "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us."

The Holy Father has granted an indulgence of three hundred days each time any one recites this ejaculatory prayer upon each of these beads. The beads themselves may be blessed by any priest.

Is it possible for any Catholic man to be chosen Pope?

It is possible, but if a layman were chosen, he would be ordained priest and consecrated bishop before he would be crowned.

Can you recommend some good books for our family library?

Certainly, we are doing so every month in the *Liguorian*. The books you find recommended in our magazine are reliable. By writing to the various publishers you can obtain a catalogue of all their publications gratis.

To gain all the indulgences that I can during the day is it necessary that I make an intention for each one in particular?

As the Church grants us indulgences by way of devotion it is by no means necessary to make an intention for each one in particular. After making the intention once for all, the resultant habitual willingness to receive them suffices. To promote our devotion it is well, however, to renew daily the intention of gaining as many indulgences as possible, and to place them in the hands of our Blessed Lady for distribution among the souls in purgatory.

Why does the priest wear the cope and not the chasuble at the Asperges?

The rubrics prescribe the cope to be worn at solemn blessings and public processions, but the chasuble, which symbolizes the cross of Christ is worn only during the sacrifice of the Mass.

Why does the priest put salt in the mouth of a baby that is being baptized?

Salt is used to preserve things from corruption, and to flavor food. Figuratively it is used to signify wisdom or wit, as in the phrase "Attic salt". Thus we can understand its use in Baptism, when the priest puts it in the mouth of persons being baptized, he says, "Receive the salt of wisdom." It signifies

therefore the wisdom which the Church asks of God for those who receive Baptism. It may also denote the wish of the Church that they be delivered from the corruption of sin and that they may have a taste and find pleasure in the things of God. The salt that is used in Baptism is first blessed by the priest. It is therefore a sacramental and its use procures grace in virtue of the prayers of the Church.

Is it ever allowed to receive Holy Communion without being fasting?

1. A person who is in danger of death may receive Holy Communion by way of Viaticum even after having taken food or drink.

2. Persons who *a*) have been sick for a month, and *b*) have the testimony of a physician as to their inability to fast, and *c*) for whom there is no hope of a speedy recovery may receive Holy Communion, provided that they have taken only liquid food or medicine. Under the above conditions Communion may be given once or twice a week to those who live in convents or other houses wherein Mass is celebrated, and once or twice a month to others.

3. In certain extraordinary cases, as for instance to protect the Blessed Sacrament against a grave irreverence, it is permitted to receive Holy Communion even after the Eucharistic fast has been broken.

Why does the Church publish the bans of marriage? I have known cases where people got married without having the bans published. How was that?

The law of the Church requires that an intended marriage must be announced on three Sundays preceding the marriage at the principal Mass in the parish of each of the contracting parties. This law is intended to give publicity to the intended marriage in order that any one who knows of any impediments may declare them to the priest and thus prevent invalid or illicit unions with all their evil consequences. Like every human law, this law admits of exceptions, and for sufficient reasons a dispensation may be obtained from the proper authority.

Is a Catholic allowed to read the Menace?

Surely not. Such reading may be forbidden by the natural law if it would endanger the faith or good morals of the reader, and it is certainly forbidden by the law of the

Church which prohibits under penalty of mortal sin and excommunication the reading of books or periodicals that professedly attack the Catholic religion.

If virginity merits a special reward in heaven, as the Catholic Church teaches, why did the foolish virgins in the parable not receive this reward instead of being excluded from the marriage feast?

The virgins in the parable are not to be understood in the literal sense, but as representing all Christians. The prudent ones are souls that seek to please God every moment of their life by loving Him constantly, and proving their love by practical faith or good works. The foolish virgins are souls who serve themselves and neglect to cultivate the friendship of God.

The crown of virginity in heaven is prepared for those who consecrate themselves entirely to God, and who preserve their integrity for love of Him, while spending their daily life in serving Him by performing the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Hence those, who preserved their virginity because they never had the opportunity of contracting a suitable marriage, or who declined marriage because they were too selfish to make the sacrifices of parenthood, have no claim whatever on this reward.

How did it come about that the laity receive Holy Communion only under one form whilst the first Christians partook of both?

The Catholic belief has always been that the body and the blood, the soul and the divinity of Jesus Christ is whole and entire both under the appearance of bread and under the appearance of wine. In consequence the reception of Holy Communion has varied according to circumstances. Even in Apostolic times Communion under both forms was not universal, for we read that the first converts "were persevering in the communication of the breaking of the bread". In 492 Pope Gelasius commanded the laity to receive under both forms because the Manicheans, the heretics of that day, considered wine intrinsically evil. Finally when the heretics of the sixteenth century denied the Real Presence of our Lord in the Sacrament of His love the Council of Trent prescribed that the laity should receive only under the form of bread to emphasize the Catholic doctrine.

	Some Good Books	
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Most of us remember the Boxer uprising in China in 1900, when five bishops, more than fifty priests, together with 20,000 native Catholics fell victims to the savage hatred of the mob. In *The Red Circle* Gerard A. Reynolds gives us a glimpse into that tragical time. We see Father Gratien, the Catholic missionary, at work among his flock, we are present at the uprising in the town and witness the courage of soul displayed by the heroic priest, who pays with a violent death for his fidelity to his Divine Master. Through the story is skilfully woven a charming romance holding the attention of the reader until the very last. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, the Publishers, very justly call attention to the reasonable price of the volume which is 75c postpaid.

The Catholic Faith. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R. This little book is a reprint in bookform of Father Girardey's articles in THE LIGURIAN on Faith and the Catholic Church. It opens with a beautiful description of the Catholic Church, the grandest Institution on earth; then follow proofs of the necessity of supernatural faith, which is to be found only in the Catholic Church, out of which there can be no salvation and which is infallible through the Pope, her visible head, in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, that is, to man's salvation. Then follow the chapters on the glories, the qualities, the practice of the Catholic faith, and the principal causes of the loss of the faith. In conclusion the author has added practical "suggestions" to *Non-Catholics* who are sincerely seeking to find the True Church. The booklet contains 100 pages and is published by B. Herder. Price, 15c.

Once the reader has become acquainted with the "Poor Benhams" in Christine Faber's new novel *The Burden of Honor*, I am sure he will follow them through the book with the greatest interest. The story is full of action and life and new developments surprise you in every chapter. You will fall in love with Margaret, with old Pat Culmer, and especially with

Jenny—or "Aunt Rose"; and you will be sorry as sorry can be for poor Robert Dorner and his son Godfrey. When you lay the book down—young or old though the reader be—you will be sorry to part company so soon with the interesting people you have met and learned to like. The book comes from P. J. Kenedy. Its cost is 75c.

There is another valuable work which, while it does not purport to be "socialistic", gives, however, a part answer to "life's great Enigma". It is Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond's optimistic little volume *The Glad Hand and Other Grips on Life*. While Mr. Desmond in his counsels of life enjoyment admonishes: "Be good to yourself", he is no advocate of that selfcentered egotism met with here and there, nay everywhere; quite the contrary—he wishes to see that diffusive goodness which brings its own reward. "The joy bringer, the man with the habit of good will and good cheer inbred, who sympathizes, who praises, whose constant attitude is one of kindly interest, reaps a generous harvest." A. C. McClurg & Co. are the publishers. Price 50c.

Connected with this question of economics might be mentioned Rev. Thomas Slater's *Questions of Moral Theology*. It would not be correct to infer that the book is meant for the theologian only. Questions such as "The Moral Aspect of Stock-watering", "Secret Commissions in Trade", etc., must be of extreme interest to any man of intelligence who is busied much in this world's affairs and is serious about the moral rectitude of his dealings. Benziger Bros. Price, \$2.00.

Persons who are interested in the affairs of their soul will be grateful to Mother Jerome for her beautiful translation of Blessed John Ruysbroeck's "Gradus Amoris" *Love's Gradatory*. The work is a classic among spiritual writings, and the translation is in keeping with the beautiful thoughts of the saintly author. The work is prefaced by an excellent biographical sketch of Blessed Ruysbroeck. It is put out by Benziger Bros. Price, 50 cents.

	Lucid Intervals	
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Among the Japanese economy is held to be a high virtue. Two old misers of Tokio were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open up the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open out the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our face!"

Miss Wheat, the new teacher, was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the scholars, she asked: "James, what was Washington's Farewell Address?"

The new boy arose with a promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.

"What do you think of Brown?"

"Brown, sir! He is one of those people that pat you on the back before your face, and hit you in the eye behind your back!"

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of a consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

A gallant Tommy Atkins, having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon prey to the most excruciating agony, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his footgear at the end of a most terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what

had once been a piece of stiff writing-paper, now reduced to pulp, and on it appeared in bold, feminine hand the almost illegible benediction: "God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"

"Men are always late. I have waited here since 6 o'clock for my husband to come, and it is now 7:30."

"At what hour were you to meet him?" asked the other woman.

"At 5 o'clock."

Instructor (at night school)—"Give a sentence with the word 'metaphysician' in it."

Shaggy-haired Pupil—"On his way home Mr. Jones metaphysician."

A lady as proud as old Lucifer
Is tired of her husband's abucifer.

She says she will see
If she ever gets free
Love doesn't again make a gucifer.

The London police-sergeant raised his eyes from the blotter as two policemen propelled the resisting victim before him.

"A German spy, sir!" gasped the first bobby.

"I'm an American, and can prove it," denied the victim.

"That's what he says, but here's the evidence," interrupted the second bobby, triumphantly producing a bulky hotel-register from beneath his arm, and pointing to an entry.

"V. Gates," written in a flowing hand, was the record that met the astonished sergeant's gaze.

Visitor—"It's a terrible war, this, young man—a terrible war."

Mike (badly wounded)—"Tis that, sor—a tirrible war. But 'tis better than no war at all."

He was wandering aimlessly around in a department store when the floor-walker approached him.

"Looking for something," he asked.

"Yes, my wife," replied the man.

"Describe her."

"Well, she's a sort of a limousine with heavy tread, and usually runs on low."